

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### A Soldier Tramp.

SCENE: A CITY POLICE COURT.

"Yer honor, I plead guilty; I'm a bummer; I don't deny the cop here found me drunk. I don't deny that through the whole long summer The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk I hain't been able fer to earn a livin'— A man with one leg planted in the tomb Can't get a job—and I've a strong misgivin' 'Bout bein' cooped up in a Soldier's Home."

"Where did I lose my leg? At Spottsylvania— Perhaps you've read about that bloody fight. But then I guess the story won't restrain you From doin' what the law sets down as right. I'm not a vag. through choice, but thro' misfortune, An' as fer drink—well, all men have their faults; An' Judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion O' rough experience in prison vaults."

"I served as a private in the Tenth New Jersey, An' all the boys 'll say I done what's right. There ain't a man kin say that Abram Bursey War ever found a shirk in a fight. Right in the hell-born, frightful roar o' battle, Where shot an' shell shrieked through the darksome woods, Amid the blind smoke an' musket rattle, You'd always find me doin' the best I could."

"We had a brave ol' fellow fur a colonel— We called him Sweetie, but his name was Sweet— Why, Judge, I swear it, by the Great Eternal, That ol' cuss 'ud rather fight than eat. An' you could allus bet your bottom dollar In battle Sweetie'd never hunt a tree; He'd allus dash into the front and holler: 'Brace up, my gallant boys, and follow me!'"

"Well, just before the Spottsylvania battle Ol' Sweetie cuss me and says, says he, 'I tell you, Abe, tain't many things 'll rattle A tough, old weather-beaten cuss like me; But in my very soul I've got a feelin' That I'm goin' to get a heavy dose to-day. An' tain't no use fur me to be concealin' The skittish thoughts that through my bosom play."

"'Fur many years you've been my neighbor, Bursey, An' I hev allus found you square an' true— Back in our little town in ol' New Jersey No one has got a better name than you. An' now I want yer promise squarly given, That if our cause to-day demands my life, An' you yourself are left among the livin' You'll take me back and lay me by my wife."

"Well, Judge, that day, amidst the most infernal An' desperate fight 'at I most ever seed, Way up in front I saw the daring colonel Throw up his hands an' tumble off the fight."

"The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin', An' so I watched the shirt from off my back, Fur I could see the brave ol' cuss was goin' To die unless I held that red tide back. An' purty soon I seed he was revivin' him. An' heard him whisper, 'Abe, you've saved my life; Your ol' wool shirt, along with your convivin' Has kept me from that grave beside my wife."

"Well, Judge, while I stood there beside him, when he giv' him in a doctor's care, A ten-pound shell tumbled us came a-screamin'— Just like a ravin' demon in the air; An' when it passed I found myself a-lyin' Across ol' Sweetie's body, an' I see That tarnal shell that by us went a-flyin' Had cut my leg along fur company."

"Well, Judge, that's all, 'cept when the war was over I found myself a cripple, an' since then I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless rover, But just as honest as the most o' men. I never stole a dime from livin' mortal, Nor never harmed a woman, child or man— I've simply been a bum, an' hope the court 'll Be just as easy on me as it can."

Then spake the Judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures, Should never be allowed to bum or beg. Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features, For in your country's cause you lost a leg. And yet I feel the world needs an example To check the tendency of men to roam; The sentence is, That all your life—your camp 'll Be in the best room in my humble home."

The soldier stared! Dumb! Silent as a statue! Then in a voice of trembling pathos said: "Judge, turn your head, an' give me one look at you— That voice is like an echo from the dead." Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended, While tears adown his sun brown cheeks did roll, And said with slang and pathos strangely blended: "Why, Colonel Sweetie! durn your brave old soul!"

## STORY TELLER.

### "Boss Darlin'."

"You can't always tell what's in a bundle by the looks of the wrapper." The old man had found a seat on a

fallen tree that lay upon a sunny hillside, and was carefully smoothing and shaping a cane he had cut near by. He held it up as he spoke and let his eye run along its length, as if to discover its irregularities; but his gaze wandered quite beyond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill, with its tall blackened chimneys and massive walls.

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it, and stop tryin', 't would save a deal of trouble. Now, there's the darlin'—"

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated, uncertainly.

The keen eyes under the old man's shaggy brows twinkled, and his gray mustache twitched.

"Oh, 'taint the name of any kind of workman, like puddler or nailer, or such, it's just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twelve and more years ago. Things had been going pretty bad at the mill then—stops and litches of one kind or 'nother—and things gettin' worse for the men all the while. "Mismanagement most of it was, or leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick—he was the overseer here—was one of the short-sighted, savin' kind, that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and 'conomize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be 'tended to, till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinging had saved in a year. Then he'd think expenses was so high that wages ought to be cut a little lower."

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted 'between him and the men. They'd got discourag-ed and bitter, and sort of reckless-like, when all of a sudden one day Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill, and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill."

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 't would be left in Jim Bryce's hands. He'd been here the longest of any of the men, and knew a deal about the business in a practical kind of way. "There wasn't much reason to expect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally, after the way things had been goin', we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest in his old matters, would be an improvement. Then, one day, down in the mornin' train comes one of the company, bringin' with him a young feller—looking younger than he was, with his white skin, blue eyes, and light curly hair like a girl; that kind always does—that he said was the new superintendent."

"Superintendent!" says Tom Clarkson, as they passed by where we was workin'. "That chap never superintended nothin' 'feetier than a band-box in his born days. "Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clo'es, curly hair, white hands and all. I believe them white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin', too, but white as a lady's."

"Look at em!" says Tom, holdin' up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. "If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little planer, and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'!"

"So that was the name we got to callin' him—'The Darlin'.' Not to his face, bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel-blue now and then, and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife-blade."

"After a while we found there was some experiments to be made—some invention of his—and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we heard that, I can tell you, for we thought the company'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our money, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things, if a body'll only take trouble to look for 'em."

"Did you ever think how you'd feel to look down at your hands, big strong and willin', but helpless to pervide for them dependin' on you, an' then see a pair of soft, white hands

carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?"

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, Old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be evened up on wages somehow."

"And this feller,—I'll be bound he's never invented nothin' more useful than a new tie to his cravat!" says Jim Bryce—"he'll fool away no end of money, and then either the mill will have to go down, or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the ladder now."

"Oh, there's no doubt we'll go down, unless some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they would!" answers Tom, only he put it rather uglier than that."

"Of course, 'twas only talk, but the feelin' was under it, and, after a while, from hopin' somethin' would happen, the boys went a little farther, and got to plannin' how to make it happen."

"I ain't goin' to tell much about any plot. I took care not to know much about it, for fear I'd run across somethin' I'd feel bound to try to hender, and I didn't want to hender nothin', that is the fact. Only there was no murder, nor nothin' like that in it; the men wasn't that kind—leastways, most of 'em wasn't."

"No, we ain't goin' to hurt mammy's darlin'—bless his pretty little hart!—not 'less he gets in the way, when he'd better be out of it," says Tom, with a grin. "But if the plaything he's so tickled over jest flies to flinders some day, and the noise scares him, so that he gives it up and runs home, it'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us."

"Seemed like nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisperin' and black looks and secret meetin's went on."

"One day in Summer a box was brought in the room, where we worked. I shall always remember that day, just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin', but about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath of wind died away. Not a leaf moved on the trees, and everything was still, like as if the world was holdin' its breath and waitin' for somethin'."

"Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomier than usual in that queer gray light. Great piles of castin's throwed back shadows over the slippery floor; the long iron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawin' back empty, and from under the brick archway the round door of the furnace seemed glarin' out like a big red eye. There is times when common things don't have a common look, and it's mostly them kind of times that git burned into your mem'ry, somehow."

"Nothing seemed to go that day the way the folks had calculated. The miser'ble little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody called: 'Hist! Look out!' and there was Boss Darlin' coming back from his dinner at an onarthly hour, when he'd never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his button-hole, and looked like a dancin' master goin' to a party, as I heard Bob mutter, as he slipped the box out of sight under a pile of stuff at the end of the room. They could not carry out their plan then, so there was nothing left for them, but to hide it."

"The boss looked 'round kind of smilin' and pleasant like. He'd got that model he was busy with about in working order, and he was wonderful pleased over it. And what did he do, that day, but have it brought out into our room, because the weather havin' turned gloomy like, there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed fussin' over it, just as if he was on guard."

"Then it began to thunder, and there was a sudden dash of rain, so that Jim Bryce's little girl, who had come down with his lunch-basket, couldn't go home. Jim was a piece worker, and always said he could do twice as much in an afternoon, if he had a snack 'bout three o'clock."

"Jim looked sort of uneasy, now and then, when little Jinny'd get off to the back part of the room anyway, kind where the box was. But he couldn't say nothin', and maybe there wasn't any danger; only I was sure he didn't like he 'round there, and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond—a store-room, where she was let stop sometimes, when she waited for her father's basket."

"The storm grew heavier, instead of lighter, till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blinding flash of light and a crash as if the

whole earth was a-tearin' to pieces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look 'round we found that the whole end of the room was blown off, and a gully plowed way down to the foundations like as if a bomb-shell had tore through."

"Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick was still standin', but we could see that it was swaying and weaving just ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did; for over on the other side of it run another building, where the finishin' room was, and all hands at work."

"I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once—that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all flyin' to the entrance at the far end of the buildin'. 'Twas in the old days, you see, before the new part of the mill was built, or we had any alarm connection with all the rooms. There was only the big bell, and the rope to it was danglin' beside the totterin' wall."

"You can't tell about such things as quick as they are in happenin'."

"The bell!" says somebody, but there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as he pushed us right and left. "Back, men, back! That is my place. You have families."

"In a minute he was leapin' down over the piles of rubbish, and almost before we was sure what he was aimin' for, he had reached the place, and the white hands strong and steady, had hold of the rope and was makin' the old bell shout danger if ever a bell did."

"We hardly stirred or breathed while we watched him, till he started toward us again. Then a long, shivering breath ran round the crowd."

"I'd b'lieve he'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jinny Bryce. That youngster was naturally scared right to death at the uproar, and instead of stayin' where she was safe, what does she do but come creepin' out of the store-room—it was off to the right, you understand, and considerable torn up, like ours—and to try and make her way over the ruins to her father. "The boss heard her cry, turned back like a flash, and catchin' her in his arms, began to climb over the rubbish piles again."

"Catch her!" he called the minute he was near enough, and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footin', and, though a dozen of us had our hands stretched out to catch him, he slipped and rolled back down among the dirt and stones."

"I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least little jar—or may be it wasn't the jar at all—but anyway the next minute there was a crash, and stontest of us shut our eyes to keep out the sight. The wall was down, and he was under it."

"He was the only man about the mill that was hurt—badly, that is; of course a few was struck with flying stones, and hurt in the crowd. But they'd got out alive, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the ruins."

"That was a queer night. I don't remember when or how the storm stopped, but I shall always remember what a clear, starry night it was, and how the fires that was kindled to light the workers flamed and danced, while the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill."

"How we worked at that pile of brick and mortar! One set takin' the place of another as soon as they was tired, and as many workin' at once as the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill."

"Once, goin' back into the mill to rest a bit, I found Jim Bryce and Tom Clarkson a-carryin' that model that Boss had been workin' over, back into the office where it would be safe, and they was liftin' it as tender as if 't was a baby, and the tears runnin' over Jim's brown face all the while."

"I'd give anything if I could jest git back to this mornin' again!" says Jim, with a groan. "To think—"

"But he couldn't finish sayin' it, and it was best not. Most folks thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might 'a' done it all; and that not bein' sure was the only comfortin' thing about it."

"No, he wasn't killed after all, Darlin' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from bein' crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after

we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come 'round again at last, and got back to the mill to finish up his invention."

"It was a success, too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now—the most flourishin' ones in this part of the country—and brought better times to every one workin' in 'em. That was what he was aimin' for all the time, only we didn't know it; and that was why he come here."

"That's his house over there, tha' big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married, and settled down among his mill folks, as he calls 'em."

"Should think he'd be considerable used up by such an accident? Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when they went into it. But if you happen to meet Boss Darlin', and don't think he's good lookin' now, why, this valley wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention it in."—*Youth's Companion.*

### A Successful Convention of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission, Held in Lewiston, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission has come and gone, and it will long be remembered as the most successful and enjoyable of its gatherings. Its numbers surpassed anything in the past, while the good feeling and enthusiasm that prevailed have never been equalled, and the muteness have returned to their homes, carrying with them many pleasant recollections of the event.

The meeting was opened with the president, Hiram P. Hunt, in the chair, and prayer by Prof. Jenkins, of Hartford. The following is a part of the president's address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am glad to see so many muteness present, not only from the different towns in this State. We meet here to exchange friendly and social greetings."

"The Mission gives us a great blessing and privilege in meeting these together, and of attending Divine service. To many of you it has been a sacrifice to leave your homes to come here, but after you have returned home, you will think of the pleasant time spent here, and how quickly the time has passed, so that the sacrifice will not seem so large."

"The Mission should never be destroyed. In this State, where the muteness are so widely scattered, that we often do not see each other for months at a time, the thought of meeting so many at our annual meeting is an incentive and keeps many from despondency. The Mission also provides religious services from time to time in some central locality, thus bringing the muteness together for instruction and social intercourse."

"We can not so thoroughly enjoy the society of hearing people, as that of our own class. There are some parts of the Constitution which, it seems to me, ought to be changed. First, that we have bi-ennial elections. That we meet every year the same as we have done, but elect officers only once in two years. We can save much time that we now spend electing officers. It would be well to occupy the time with a good lecture. We would not then be obliged to leave home in the morning, but at noon instead."

"Second, that the officers be elected by acclamation. The old way of electing by ballot is very laborious and tiresome. Let the president appoint a committee of three persons, who shall retire for consultation and nominate those whom they think best to serve on a committee or official board. The names can be presented to the convention to be voted upon. This method is used in the National and New England Conventions."

"Third, that the office of General Manager be abolished, as it causes much trouble among the State officers. It is usually customary for an uneven number of persons to serve on a committee or official board. Fourth, I would suggest that the gentlemen pay fifty cents, and the ladies twenty-five cents, when we meet at our annual meeting. This will help us pay the expenses of an interpreter, and what other expenses there may be."

"Last May, I received a letter from Rev. Samuel Rowe, our State missionary, tendering his resignation, to take effect June 18th. It was accepted by the Board of Officers, and a letter to that end was sent him."

The motion to have biennial elections and to elect officers by acclamation was carried by a large majority of the muteness present. A business committee of five were appointed, with Mr. Geo. W. Wakefield as chairman. After their consultation and report, it was to abolish the office of General Manager. It was left with the board to appoint a State missionary."

The following officers were elected: President, Hiram P. Hunt, Gray; Secretary, Dana B. Taylor, Kennebunk; Treasurer, Cornelius Kane, Auburn; Auditor, Geo. W. Wakefield, Brownfield.

A social gathering was held on Saturday evening, in the hall, after which the muteness went to an ice-cream saloon and had refreshments."

Sunday services were held in the Pine Street Congregational Church,

Rev. J. A. Howe, Pastor. Sermon was preached by the pastor, and interpreted to the muteness by Prof. Jenkins. The church was filled, and the people seemed much interested in the graceful signs made by the interpreter, and expressed much wonder that we could not understand the sermon so readily."

The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" was rendered very artistically by Miss Emma J. Proctor, of North Raymond."

In the evening all repaired to the Baltic Street Baptist Church, and listened to a sermon by the pastor, Rev. C. C. Tilley, Prof. Jenkins interpreting."

As at the morning service, the church was filled with an interested audience."

Another hymn, "I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet," was rendered by Miss Proctor in her usual manner."

There were sixty muteness registered at the DeWitt House, and twenty-five or thirty others stopped at other places."

The convention broke up Monday morning, many muteness returning home, while others spent the day at Lake Auburn Mineral Spring."

The next convention will be held in Rockland."

Among the muteness from other States were Jesse Baker, of the New Hampshire Mission; W. H. Green and H. M. Howe, of Worcester, Mass.; G. T. Sanders, of Haverhill; P. T. Wright, of Lowell; Mrs. Wilson Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass. Other ladies and gentlemen were present, but space forbids."

We were also glad to welcome several muteness of Maine, who met us for the first time in the convention."

### The Gallaudet Home.

There was a repeated firing off of a revolver, simply for pleasure, after supper, Monday evening, August 26. Mrs. Colt and Miss Magee, took turns with the weapon in hand, but of course, the ladies did not shoot themselves, for they pulled the trigger again and again with that cool presence of mind which characterizes women of undaunted courage. This instrument of torture is kept by a certain individual for the sole purpose of self-protection, when absolute necessity demands it, he being deaf and lame, and usually carries about this person an abundance of money, which is of more value to him than all the wealth of the Indies."

Tuesday night, the 27th ult., Isaac Gardner's favorite dog became mad and had to be shot."

Mr. P. P. Dickinson, of the Executive Committee, and this amiable wife, were here for a few hours the last Thursday of August."

The seat, arms, and back of the long settee on the front piazza are of a dark-green color, the rounds and legs, red, and of the same shade which gives it a pretty appearance. The work was done by Eddie Palin, whose skill in the painting line saves many a dollar to the Home."

Cards suitable for a scrap-book are wanted, and will be thankfully received by Louise."

At dinner, Friday, the 30th ult., the inmates were treated to cake and ice-cream, bought with the money which was contributed by a kind friend some weeks ago. Six lady visitors dropped in, later of the day."

By invitation, Mr. I. N. Soper came to the Home the last Saturday evening of August and stayed over Sunday. He is a graduate of the Hartford School, and was married to Miss Lizzie Brinck last Spring. At the time of Mr. Soper's visit, his lovely young wife was enjoying the balmy breezes at Ocean Grove, N. J."

It is wonderful that the cyclone which lately swept over Highland, some distance up the river, did not reach this place, and what a narrow escape we had from death and devastation."

On the ninth and eleventh Sundays after Trinity, Rev. A. T. Colt conducted services in the chapel."

Dr. Cornell, the family physician, was summoned to the bedside of some one, Sunday morning, September 1st, and his wife accompanied him on his professional call."

Monday afternoon, September 2d, Manager Thomson started by rail for Rinebeck, N. J., where he remained the guest of his cousin four days."

The culinary department is presided over by Miss Sarah Neile, and she is considered a splendid cook."

The first meeting of the Ladies' Committee this season took place in the library room, Thursday after-

noon, the 5th inst, and the following members were present: Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Cray, Mrs. John Thompson, Miss M. J. Allen, Mrs. Clarence Saterlee, and Mrs. Tower. Little Grosvenor Parker came down from Poughkeepsie with his mother."

During his vacation of a week, Mr. Isaac Gardner traveled about a hundred miles on his new bicycle and enjoyed himself hugely."

In the forthcoming retirement of Mr. C. R. Thomson the home will sustain an irreparable loss, and the inmates will miss a good, kind friend, for they, each and all, owe him a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. To his credit be it said that he has worked harder for their benefit than many other deaf-mutes in the land, besides he has spared no pain. At his own expense, he put the interiors of the building in a comfortable and attractive condition, at an outlay of some three thousand dollars."

For charity's sweet sake, the bible class of a Protestant Episcopal church in Newton, L. I., under the care of Miss Lillian B. Thompson, is going to get up a fair this Fall, the proceeds of which will be sent to the Home. Rev. Mr. Burr, rector of the church, has expressed his willingness to help the young people in every possible way, and Miss Lelian may look upon the result of her benevolent labor with pardonable pride. Miss Thompson is a grandniece of Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, one of the inmates."

Two parties of equestrians on pleasure bent, no doubt, passed through the handsome grounds of the Home soon after dinner, Sunday the 8th inst."

Mrs. J. D. Ross, our late esteemed matron, has been quite ill at her parents' residence, but we are glad to say she is getting better. She expects to go to Chicago to instruct a young lady in articulation, as she has had considerable experience in that useful branch of deaf-mute instruction."

Monday afternoon last, we were pleasantly surprised by a call from Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, of New York, and two of her sisters, Mrs. Mabbett, of Georgia, and Mrs. Alliny, of Poughkeepsie."

The writer wishes to congratulate Prof. S. J. Vail and Mr. Gilbert Hicks, former classmates of hers at Fanwood, upon their safe arrival on American terra firma. She is of the opinion that their summer trip abroad was to them a source of great pleasure, and that they have come back invigorated in health and their minds stored with new ideas about the people and things in the different countries they visited. Perhaps, on the homeward voyage across the trackless deep, our friends did not think of those thrilling lines of Lord Byron:

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free."

LOUISE.

### KANSAS NOTES.

When a Kansas man goes over the State and looks at the fields, and sees everything getting on so nicely, it is hard for him to believe that the Lord ain't a Kansas man; he has put himself so thoroughly in sympathy of the people, crops and institutions."

A man can make \$2.50 a day cutting corn in Kansas, but he has to furnish his own ax."

Fifty different varieties of tomatoes were grown on the State experimental farm at Manhattan."

Our next will be a long letter, giving a full report of the reorganized school, the general news about muteness of the State, and other interesting features. Chox Tozz.

### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Sept. 20—Reading, Minn., 7:30 P.M.

" 22—Minneapolis, Minn., 10:30 A.M. Church to be announced in the local papers.

" 22—Minneapolis, Minn., 3 P.M., Gethsemane Church.

" 22—Minneapolis, Minn., 7:30 P.M. Church to be announced.

" 24—Sioux Falls, Dak. Opening of Cathedral.

" 25—Sioux Falls, Dak., 7:30 P.M. Service.

" 26—Sioux Falls, Dak.

" 27—Sioux City, Ia., 7:30 P.M.

" 29—Des Moines, Ia., 10:30 A.M.

" " " 3 or 4 P.M.

" 30—Grinnell, Ia., 3 and 7:30 P.M.

Oct. 6—Cleveland, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

" 6—Cleveland, 4 P.M. Evening Prayer.



# THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the price of ten cents a line.

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OUR Minnesota correspondent writes that Charles Thompson, a graduate of the Faribault Institution, has won a diamond badge in a shooting match held in that State this summer. He also appends two clippings showing Thompson's scores in other matches. It is a very creditable record. Deaf-mutes make good marksmen. Their eyes are quick and keen and true. "Captain" Kohlmetz, now a resident of New York, but for many years a St. Louis boy, is one of the best sharpshooters in the country. He has captured innumerable medals and prizes in matches open to all comers, and not only in one State, but in several States. Among other good marksmen we might mention Douglas Tilden, now in Paris, and his bosom friend, Theophilus D'Estrella. Joseph Glosque, a young graduate of the New York Institution is a good wing-shot, and J. W. Lyons, of Brooklyn, can bring down game with unerring skill. Charles J. Le Clercq balances a rifle with poetic grace, is quick with the trigger and true in his aim. Albert Ballin, of Hoboken, N. J., not only is a good rifle shot, but with the pistol he ranks very high. He is also an adept at fencing, and to see him and Senae (the great instructor of fencing) in practice with the foils, one is impressed with the fact that Albert can parry and thrust with the skill of an expert Frenchman. But candor compels us to state that Mr. Ballin's sporting excellence with the rod and reel cannot be held up as a brilliant example. We have watched him pitch his line into the water, and saw it sink with its glistening array of barbed cruelty, and then waited. He would poise his polished rod triumphantly and await with a fisherman's calm resignation the summons from below. After the fish had chewed up the hook and swallowed several yards of the line, he would begin to haul up. The fish would hang on to the line until near the surface, and then gaze upward in open-mouthed astonishment while Mr. Ballin would energetically and excitedly wind up his line, reminding one of a Japanese conjurer pulling colored ribbon from his mouth. But the result would make Isaac Walton seasick. As the hook had been chewed off, as soon as the line had been rescued from the hungry fish's maw, with a look of reproach and sorrow it would swim slowly to its bed of seaweed down below.

We again call attention to the circulars relating to deaf-mute statistics printed on the fourth page. All deaf-mutes in New York State who have not yet answered it should respond to Dr. Peet's call for information. Those whose names appear in Rev. Mr. Talbot's letter will do well to write that gentleman. All this information will bring a return to deaf-mutes worth much more than the slight trouble or expense they may bear in aiding the collection of statistics. The readers of the JOURNAL will do a good stroke of work, if they will question all deaf-mutes whom they meet as to whether they have given the information sought after. If any have not, try to induce them to do so without any further delay. It will benefit all if a complete return is made, but if the statistics are at all incomplete or inaccurate, it will afford an excuse for pushing old theories concerning the deaf if not for inventing new ones. There has already been plenty of fiction given to the public concerning deaf-mutes, and this time the deaf should see to it that the public gets only facts.

In Louisiana the instruction of deaf-mutes and the blind has been carried on hitherto in the same institution. Such is still the case in a few other institutions. But the authorities of the State above mentioned have recognized the fact that the education of the deaf and of the blind can be more effectively carried on in separate institutions. To that end a new building for the blind is being built, and when completed they will be removed to it and the present institution at Baton Rouge will be devoted entirely to the deaf.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Stephen Blakesly, of Portchester, N. Y., wants to hear from Richard Herick.

James Bradley, of Orange Valley, N. J., attends the Mission of the Infant Saviour on Tuesdays. Rev. Father Belanger is instructing him.

Hoy has played the most games, made the most base hits, been the most times at bat and made the fewest errors, of any other players in the Washington Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno F. O'Brien have removed from 104th Street to more commodious quarters farther up-town. Their friends will be informed of their present address by letter.

A mute ball player, named Rynn, first base-man of the Carlton Club, of the Tri-State League, is a heavy hitter. Cleveland has been dicker for him, but raises objections on account of his infirmities.

A well attended "combined service" was held Sunday evening, September 8th, by Rev. W. C. De Witt and Rev. A. W. Mann, at St. Andrew's Church, Chicago. Bishop Walker, of Northern Dakota, was in the congregation.

Douglas Tilden, a California sculptor and a deaf-mute, now studying in Paris, has done much toward increasing the fame of the "National Game" in Paris. One of his figures has been placed in the Salon at Paris. It is the figure of a pitcher in the act of delivering a ball.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

### Struck by a Gravel Train.

Albert Tullock, a deaf-mute employed at the stone quarry in Duanesburgh, was struck by a gravel train, and severely injured Tuesday night while walking on the track on his way home from work. He is badly cut about the face, but will recover.—*Gloversville, N. Y., Daily Leader, Sept. 13*.

### A Touching Letter and Gift from Our Missionary to Deaf Mutes.

"I am in receipt of the Akeley Circular, and wish I could send much more than the enclosed.

I feel that I ought to speak to my deaf-mute friends of Western Michigan about helping Akeley. They can not do much, being of the working classes, but 'every little helps.' I shall do this when I get to Grand Rapids next Saturday week."

This letter with its enclosure has touched me keenly. Our dear brother with his limited support, not only feels called upon to give of his little, but he calls on his people whose opportunity to earn a living is so limited, to do likewise. And yet there are those into whose lap God has poured even abundance, who will give no response to the most earnest appeals, but some such as, "Akeley is an elephant," "the Diocese should not have assumed this burden," "the Bishop was very foolish to assume this new responsibility." When I receive such offerings, though appeals sent to men and women who claim devoted Churchmanship and to friends are unanswered, I feel "the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." G. D. GILLESPIE.

Since writing the above we have learned, that the offering of the Deaf Mutes for Akeley Institute at their Service on Sunday after their re-union at Grand Rapids, was \$9.40. God bless them.—*The Church Helper*.

### A Model Institution.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL FOR DEFECTIVE YOUTH—FALL TERM—PROSPEROUS CONDITION, ETC.

The Executive Committee of the Washington School for Defective Youth met Wednesday for the first time in the new building, the pride and ornament of the new state, beautifully situated on the banks of the Columbia River.

The fall term of the school has commenced with over forty pupils, which is double the number of any year since the school was started four years ago. The youth are all deaf and dumb, but their progress in education has been such that the fame of the Institution has spread over the whole North-west with the result of doubling the pupils since the last term.

The director and trustees are somewhat at a loss to act as their good nature would indicate. The school is really for the deaf and dumb, and was so intended; but the idea has got abroad that it is an asylum for idle, feeble-minded children, and the blind. It is as much as the trustees can do to make both ends meet, with the little appropriation made them by the last legislature; but if they take in the others, a new corps of teachers must be employed, and the expenses doubled. As an asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb and fitting them for an active life, it is a grand success, and should be fostered by the legislature of the State, and others instituted for idiots and the blind.

The new building was visited by many on its opening. It is only completed to the second story, and another appropriation will be asked for its completion, lighting by electricity and steam heating.—*The Oregonian, Aug. 20*.

# FANWOOD.

## Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

### NOTED DEAF-MUTE VISITORS.

#### Base Ball Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Among the new pupils this fall is a deaf, dumb and blind boy, eight years old. He comes from Grahamsville, N. Y., and is the youngest pupil similarly afflicted ever enrolled. What success the Institution will have over his imprisoned brain cannot at present be ascertained, but past results in the cases of Caton and Clinton leads us to believe that Dr. Peet and his wonderful methods of instruction will ultimately bring this almost hopeless case into the light of knowledge.

It has rained hard all the week, to the discomfiture of all.

Messrs. D'Estrella, of California, and O. Regensburg, of Illinois, and a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, stopped here last Friday. They had just arrived from Europe the day before, after a rough voyage on the "City of New York." Rev. Mr. Cloud, of Indiana, accompanied him on the trip. D'Estrella was the first delegate to the Paris Congress to leave our shores, and although about the last to return, he comes back pretty well stocked with useful information respecting Paris and her people, for it was there that he spent the greater part of his time. He will visit the principal Eastern cities, before he starts on his long journey to California, where his many silent friends will await his arrival with expectations of an interesting narration of his visits.

Miss Emma Wells and Mrs. Joseph Clarke, teachers the Arkansas Institution at Little Rock, stopped here a couple of hours on Friday. They started for Washington the same evening on their way to Arkansas. Miss Wells is a graduate of the High Class of the Institution. She speaks in high terms of Little Rock, and we presume she has outgrown all fears of the troublesome tarantula.

We learn with much pleasure that Miss Georgie Decker, formerly one of the assistant art teachers here, has secured the position of art teacher in the South Carolina Institution, and that she starts there on the 23d of this month. Good luck to her.

It may not be generally known that Prof. Gamage has taken unto himself (perhaps for life) a very agreeable companion in the shape of the "fragrant weed." He learned the habit while in Europe this summer, and considers smoking a luxury he had not hitherto dreamed of. It is not an example to be followed by our youngsters by any means, but it is certainly a solace to a gentleman of his age, and it is a wonder that he did not try it before. We hardly think that the "Brown-Sequard Elixir of Life" could have a better effect on him than the discovery just made.

Alexander Dezendorf and his seventeen-month-old baby visited the pupils on Sunday.

Classification did not take place on Monday last, as was thought, but was postponed until Wednesday. So it cannot be ascertained what the changes will be just now.

A large number of Fanwoodites attended the two games between New York and Chicago at the new Polo Grounds last Saturday afternoon. The Institution was almost deserted, because of the boys, say one hundred, going to Deadhead's Hill, from which a view of the "diamond" can be had. Those who were noticed to take their fifty-cent-seats in the trees on that hill were Messrs. Maynard, Watson, Baxter, Kiesewetter, and Stryker. This is genuine economy.

Mabella Fish's nineteenth birthday fell on Friday last week. Congratulations were showered upon her, and the consequence found her at a loss to account for them. She received a present, but from whom she could not find, and the "unknown" must have been her best friend.

Mr. Dennis Sullivan called upon us last Sunday, as also did Mr. L. F. Lyons with his two little brothers.

Mr. Thomas Jamieson is spending a few days at the Institution. He says he contemplates leaving his plough at Freehold, N. J., for good, before long.

Most of the Fanwoodites favor Inwood for the site of the World's Fair in 1892. What site do you, my dear friends of the Jacksonville, Ill., Institution, like best? We, however, feel as sure as of the sun rising the next morning that the fair will come to our lot.

In last Sunday's issue of the *Sun*, Messrs. Gately and Haydon, who are believed to be the most baseball enthusiasts in the country for their age, were commented upon in one half of a column, for what they have done for the "Crescents," of Plainfield, N. J., this year. William Coombs is the only one at the Institution who vouches for the truth of that comment, having attended almost every game in which the boys just referred to played last summer.

Max Miller, the ivy orator of '89, is working on the *Rural New Yorker*, and says he is getting along at A No. 1 rate.

Mr. Zerwich, of W. B. Peet's

Second Class, says that he does not wish us to strain credulity by the assertion that he shook hands with Captain Anson of the Chicago Base Ball Club last Saturday afternoon. Johnnie Stauch, who went to Germany in the latter part of last Spring in company with his parents to spend the summer there among relatives, is back among his companions once more, and interesting are the tales he has to tell to them of that far-away land.

AQUILA.  
Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Work Abroad.

CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "AURANIA," Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Please allow me to give the readers of the JOURNAL some accounts of my proceedings after the adjournment of the Paris International Congress of Deaf-Mutes. The Congress has been so thoroughly described by others, that I will content myself with saying that it especially interested me in its tribute of love and esteem to the Abbe de l'Epee, in its recognition of Sicard, Gallaudet, Clerc and Peet, as succeeding benefactors of deaf-mutes, and in its suggestion of a common sign-language for all nations. The American delegates to the Congress having scattered in various directions, Mr. Gamage and I found ourselves at the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, London, on Friday night, July 19th. On the following Sunday, having attended services in other churches, I went to St. Saviour's for Deaf-Mutes, Oxford Street, at 7 p.m. Having made a short address to my silent brethren, I preached on "Victory," through the interpretation of Rev. Dr. Stainer. On Tuesday evening, I reached Milford Haven, and took the night steamboat for Cork. Early the next morning, Mr. Francis Maginn, the deaf-mute missionary of the Irish Society, met me at the dock and conducted me to the comfortable quarters which had been provided for him and me. Under the guidance of this kind and devoted friend, I enjoyed for upwards of a month the generous hospitality of the friends of deaf-mutes in Ireland, and made many very pleasant acquaintances among the bishops and other clergy and the residents of several of the chief cities of the beautiful island.

I attended gatherings of deaf-mutes and also meetings of hearing people specially appointed for me to give information in relation to missions to adult deaf-mutes; made addresses and preached sermons in Cork, Dublin, Kingstown, Monkstown and Belfast. On Sunday afternoon, July 28th, I preached to a large congregation in the Cathedral of Cork. On our way from Cork to Dublin, Mr. Maginn and I had a delightful visit to the Lakes of Killarney. In Dublin we enjoyed an evening social gathering of deaf-mutes, who are under the pastoral care of the hard-working, kind-hearted missionary, Mr. Hewson. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Koehler, Baron Griolet and myself. The next day we were hospitably entertained by Mr. Hewson's family at Greystones, a seaside resort. Arriving in Belfast, Wednesday night, August 7th, we were welcomed by Miss Tredennick to the Central Hall and Office of the Irish Society, at No. 7 Fishwick Place. In addition to accommodations for the lady-in-charge and the missionary, this building contains a chapel, a reading-room and recreation rooms. God has wonderfully blessed this venture of faith and its purifying, elevating influences have greatly promoted the temporal as well as spiritual interests of the deaf-mutes of this thrifty city of 250,000 inhabitants. I remained there three Sundays, and in five churches tried to give the congregations some information concerning the sign-language, the education of deaf-mutes and the progress of church work among them, with the chief idea of strengthening the Irish Society. Miss Tredennick and Mr. Maginn were pleased to say that I had been providentially sent to encourage them just at the right time. I visited the school for deaf-mutes, but the teachers and pupils were off for their annual vacation. I made the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Kingham, the principal, and Messrs. Beattie and Harris, two of the instructors. As Mr. Harris is much interested in the work at the Central Hall and Office, I saw much of him and enjoyed his society. On Friday, August 16th, Messrs. Vail and Hicks made their appearance, and the next day they, Mr. Maginn and I, made an enjoyable visit to the Giant's Causeway. Rev. Mr. Turner came the following Wednesday morning, just before I started alone to make an excursion to Armagh and Londonderry. I returned Friday night, and on Saturday, we all (including Mr. Hewson, of Dublin), joined the deaf-mutes of Belfast, numbering upwards of seventy, on their annual excursion. We went in four brakes, three drawn by four horses each and one by two, to Crawford's for lunch, and Bangor for tea. It was a bright, cheery day, and smiling faces indicated joyful hearts. On Sunday afternoon, we had a celebration of the Holy Communion in All Saints' Church, and in the evening I preached to a deaf-mute congregation at the Bethel. On several occasions, during my delightful sojourn in Belfast, I addressed my deaf-mute friends in the chapel of the Central Hall. By spelling some words with the double-handed alphabet and using natural signs, I succeeded in making myself quite generally understood. I considered it a great privilege to have become so well acquainted with Miss Tredennick, who for twenty years has proved herself to be

a loving and faithful friend to the deaf-mutes of Ireland.

On Monday night, August 26th, having wished each other a hearty God-speed, I took the steamboat for Glasgow. The next morning Mr. James Paul, the deaf-mute missionary for Ayrshire, met me at St. Enoch's hotel and took me to his home in Kilmarnock. I met there Mr. Armour, the deaf-mute missionary of the Liverpool Society, who was visiting his aged parents. That afternoon we saw the memorials of the poet Burns and the next day in Ayr, saw the cottage in which he was born. Mr. Paul accompanied me to Glasgow where Mr. Henderson, the missionary to deaf-mutes, extended to me kind hospitality. Having visited the institution for deaf-mutes under Mr. Thompson, I went in the evening to the Hall of the Mission to adults and made an address. Mr. Agnew said that he and some of his friends had intended honoring me with a banquet, but uncertainty as to my movements had prevented. The next evening I addressed the deaf-mutes of Edinburgh in their Hall. I was sorry to have missed Rev. Mr. Hansell, their missionary, who was absent on his vacation. Through Mr. Fraser, the Society kindly insisted upon extending me hospitality by paying my travelling expenses and hotel-bill. On Friday morning, August 30th, I rode out of Edinburgh a few miles and visited the wonderful bridge across the Firth of Forth and in the afternoon, took the 2:35 train for Manchester, where Dr. Buxton, the Hon. Secretary of the mission to adult deaf-mutes, had arranged for me to preach on Sunday. By his kind attentions, I went, the next day, Saturday, August 31st, on the annual excursion of the Manchester deaf-mutes. We enjoyed the beautiful scenery of Derbyshire, visiting Matlock Baths and Hadden Hall. Rev. Messrs. Turner and Cloud and Mr. Regensburg, joined in the pleasures of this memorial day. On my return, I became the guest of the Dean of Manchester, Rev. Dr. Oakley. On Sunday, I preached in the interests of the Manchester Mission at St. John's Church, Broughton, and the Cathedral. On Monday evening, I visited the Institute in Grosvenor Street. Dr. Buxton, Messrs. North and Jones and a large company of deaf-mutes, assembled in the chapel, where I baptized a little boy and conducted a short service. We then adjourned to the lecture-room, where I made an address which was followed by cordial expressions of good-will towards me and their American friends. I shall always retain pleasant memories of my visit to Manchester. I went next to Wolverhampton, where Miss Besemeres had done so much for the benefit of adult deaf-mutes. She was absent in Keswick, but through the missionary, Mr. Russell, had arranged two meetings for me and offered me hospitality. On Wednesday afternoon in St. Mary's vestry, I spoke to quite a company, composed of clergy, ladies and gentlemen, on the importance of the Mission which had been established in their interest, and in the evening addressed the deaf-mutes in their hall.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Russell very kindly accompanied me on a visit to the Birmingham School for deaf-mutes, under Mr. Townsend. I was very glad to find him working on the lines which the American teachers generally approve. I reached Liverpool in the afternoon. Mr. George F. Healey, the Hon. Secretary of the Society for adult deaf-mutes, met me at the station and took me to Oakhill, the beautiful home of his family at Gatacre, a suburb of Liverpool. I enjoyed the society of his father and sister and a brother, a Manchester clergyman, who was making a short visit there. On Friday morning, Mr. Healey conducted Baron Griolet, Mr. Duparcq and myself to the school for deaf-mutes under Mr. Illingworth, and then showed us about the city. In the evening, we had a good meeting at the Institute, a remarkable building with its well appointed chapel, lecture-room, reading-room, gymnasium, etc. The company was composed of deaf-mutes and their hearing friends. I made an address which was kindly interpreted by Mr. Illingworth. On Saturday, September 7th, at 3:30 p.m., I went on board the tug which conveyed me to the Aurania, and before long I found myself on my way home with grateful memories of my visit to the old world, where change of work had proved to be most agreeable recreation, and had I trusted done some good for my silent brethren. On Sunday we stopped at Queenstown for the mail, and then the voyage across the Atlantic fairly began. Hoping that on my arrival I shall hear good news respecting all the work which is being prosecuted for the benefit of deaf-mutes. I am,

Yours very sincerely,  
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

P. S.—New York, September 16th. I reached home safely last night, with devout gratitude for my memorable visit to deaf-mutes and their friends in Great Britain and Ireland.

The Rev. A. W. Mann, a mute minister of the Episcopal Church, who is western missionary for this section, held services at St. James' Church yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of the city. A large number were in attendance, and took in the impressive services, which were silently conducted in signs which seemed to speak as forcibly and eloquently as words. Mr. Mann holds these services here about once a month.—*The Chicago Times, Sept. 9, 1889*.

## NEW JERSEY.

Summer has come and gone—Fall has come in earnest. The past week's unabated storm fully testifies of the fact. The doings of the deaf who have been abroad and staid at home, have been fully chronicled in the JOURNAL. It now remains for us to be up and doing for another year of steady toil, and reappear on the scene next season. In the mean time, the deaf-mutes of New York will not want for amusements, for the dicker birds hath it that there will be two or three big entertainments for them in the near future.

Last week, over in Hoboken, there was a private wedding. It was so private that nothing was known of it till it was almost over. The bride was Miss Gundersdoff, but who the groom is we do not yet know. The enjoyment was so short that it was impossible to obtain particulars. Maybe it is New Jersey's way to rush things, like it does in the line of justice.

Another incident in the same city occurred not long since. It was a young deaf-mute swindler in this case. His swindling schemes are well known in Philadelphia, Trenton, Easton and elsewhere, as obtaining watches to repair and then skip.

While in Hoboken with a party of four speaking toughs, probably his company, they assaulted a colored young girl. The deaf-mute and two others of the party were captured, and in less than a week they were landed in the Trenton State Prison, the deaf-mute getting eight years and the two hearing companions ten years each. Quick justice this!

The Manhattan Literary Association was formally opened on Thursday evening, September 12th. Owing to the heavy rain that poured down all day and evening, in was the means of keeping many of its members from attending. However, there were enough present to transact some important business, among which was the revising of the Constitution and By-Laws.

The next meeting of the Association will be held at its rooms (St. Ann's) this evening, Thursday, September 19th, when it is expected that there will be a full attendance, as the revised constitution and by-laws will then be submitted to its members for adoption.

The association has now twenty-one members on its roll, and ere long expects to double the number.

It would not be out of place to state that if those deaf-mutes who have been talking about forming a good and powerful association among their number, which can be a credit to themselves and at the same time gain respect and esteem from the hearing community, they cannot do any better than join the Manhattan Literary Association, where they will be heartily welcomed. If only a sufficient number would join the M. L. A., say one hundred (there are, at least, six hundred deaf graduates from various schools, self-supporting, that don't belong to any organization of their own class), in a couple of years a club house could be purchased of their own. We need not state here what a club house is like, and what benefit it would be to the deaf to have one. Every body knows that one is very much desired. The only drawback that we know of is that they think it cannot be done by a deaf-mute organization. This, to every sensible deaf-mute, who has any life in him, is all bosh. One thing is certain, the experiment has never been tried, and we don't see any reason why it should not do so now. New organizations loom up nearly every season among the hearing. Why can not we have at least one?

Just think of it—a club house for the deaf and supported by themselves. This can and ought to receive the support of all intelligent deaf-mutes of New York City.

The Manhattan Literary Association has this very scheme as an object in view, and if it will receive the support it deserves, we don't see why it should not succeed.

As soon as the business now on hand has been transacted, the Manhattan Literary Association will open its doors to all who may wish to join, and a series of debates and lectures will be arranged, which will be the feature of the year. Particulars will be given later on.

The baseball cranks, particularly those who have been betting on the New York Club to capture the pennant again, were gloomy nearly all the week on account of the rain, which prevented any games possible, but are more than confident now on the result of Saturday's two games. It is only a question of a day or two, they say, when the New York giants will lead the league and land October 5th again the pennant winners.

About four or five deaf-mutes viewed the remains of the late Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox last Thursday evening.

Over forty deaf-mutes inspected the new steamer Kaiser William II., of the North German Lloyd Company while at the company's dock in Hoboken last week. Many were surprised at its most comfortable, large and elegant drawing and dining rooms, and think that it is far superior to the City of Paris.

A party was given to Miss Carrie M. Harth, at her home, No. 35 Avenue A, on Saturday evening last, on her birthday. The presents she received from her numerous friends were pretty and some very elegant. Various games, some old and some just invented for the occasion, were played and dancing indulged in till about half past eleven o'clock, when all repaired to the

dining-room, where a tempting supper was prepared, and full justice done by the company, after which games and dancing were resumed, and kept up till a later hour. Of those present as far as your scribe can remember, there were Misses C. Harth, M. H. Jones, H. Prins, S. Steimwald, R. Williamson, A. Ryan, S. Sturm, R. Messener, Messrs. Wm. H. Fosmire, Eschert, Underwood, LeClercq, Haight, Yankauer, Donohue, Loneragan, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and their little two-year old daughter, Susie, and

X. Y. Z.

## LOWELL, MASS.

We received a few days ago a letter from a deaf person, not many miles from here, who wrote, "Had it not been for the lies, me and my friends would attend your Society's picnic. I wish I did gone to Willow Dale." We are very sorry he was disappointed. We thank others who were at Willow Dale, for their kind compliments for the success of our picnic socially.

"Rambler" forgot to say that Mrs. P. J. Wright and Miss Clara Wright were at our late picnic.

Little Edith Southwick will return to the Beverly School for the Deaf, next Tuesday.

Mrs. P. J. Wright and Miss Lafferty attended the Maine Mission of Deaf-Mutes at Lewiston. They reported having jolly times.

Mr. Edwin Williams is visiting at Mr. C. F. Folsom's. Cupid whispers he is engaged to Miss Cora Mayberry. Williams is withal a good fellow and a jolly one.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mayberry are keeping house on Hale St. They moved to the newly built domicile yesterday. May they long enjoy the peace and comfort of housekeeping.

R. S. V. P.

LOWELL, Sept. 16.

## The Banquet to Mr. Nuboor.

The banquet tendered to Mr. Nuboor, the delegate from the Lexington Avenue School and the Deaf-Mutes' Union League to the late Paris Congress of Deaf-Mutes, took place, under the auspices of the Union League, at the magnificent dining salon of Martinelli, on Wednesday evening last. Covers were laid for over thirty, and despite the prevalence of the inclement weather nearly all responded. The heavily-laden tables, running the whole length of the parlor, presented a most imposing appearance, and the menu, which was an elaborate one, consisted of eight courses, and were such as does the credit to the name of Martinelli. The menu-cards, though of simple design, were printed in red and blue ink with the initials of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League occupying a place in the centre of the front, and, at each plate were placed small bunches of flowers.

When the last course was served, the toasts began. The president introduced the guest of the evening, Mr. Nuboor, who was received with rounds of applause and cheered to the echo. The deliverance of his toast, which was in response to the "Mission to Paris," took him a good half hour, now and then exciting applause, when allusions were made to the Lexington Avenue School and the club, and something striking unique set forth in the course of his harangue. He declared that, though, the International Congress could lay some claim to success; it did not come up to the American idea of excellence as regards parliamentary usage, and further intimated that were it not for the presence of the twenty or more of America's intelligent representatives, the whole affair would not have amounted to anything worth speaking of. On the whole, and through the instrumentality of the Americans, the results proved to be of incalculable benefit to those of the Old World. He also spoke on the probability of having the next congress held right here in the United States. The next toast which followed, was "Our Delegates," by Mr. S. Cornelius, in which he credited himself admirably, speaking in laudatory tone of the representative. "Our Institution" was the subject of "Mr. Emanuel Souweine's toast, responding to which he did in a way truly demonstrating his sympathy with his Alma Mater. The growth of the Institution from a daily attendance of only four pupils to its present eminence was strikingly and vividly displayed by him in his lecture, himself one of the original four. The attention of the guests was held throughout, and he was applauded roundly. The toast following this: "The Ladies," the most delicate of all, was "tackled" by Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer, in which he credited the present solution of the social problem to the ladies and continued in a similar strain, and was heartily commented upon for his efforts in that direction. Mr. Charles Bothner took his turn in entertaining the guests with "The Deaf-Mutes' Union League." He remarked upon its stability and gave assurance of its longevity, come what might, and was followed by Mr. Yankauer in his toast, "Our Guests," delivering it in a fine manner.

Toasts impromptu then were in order, participated in by Messrs. Frankenheim, Le Clercq, Cornelius, Gans and others, till the lateness of the hour warned them to cease; and the first banquet given in honor of one of the returning American delegates, an event of great importance, was numbered among the "has beens."

ROMERO.

There are half a dozen deaf players in the Tri-State League.



# NEW YORK.

## A Pleasant Birthday Party.

### MR. NUBOER'S RECEPTION.

#### He Saw the Governor.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

A large number of the friends of Miss Carrie Harth assembled at that lady's residence on Avenue A, last Saturday evening.

The occasion was a merry-making in honor of her twenty-second birthday. The interior of the cosy little parlor where the guests assembled, was heightened by the addition of some tasteful and artistically arranged decorations, due to the fertile brain of her brother, Mr. Robert C. Harth.

The guests were received by a committee of young ladies consisting of Misses Maggie Jones and Sarah Stein, who were well assisted by Mr. Harth.

The intelligent young gent to set the ball rolling in amusing the company, was ye ancient poet and modern athletic hero, Charles Jericho Le-Clercq.

The two gold medals glittering on his front waistcoat only half compared with the dazzling merriment he caused, as he inflicted fine after fine on the culprits—with no allowance made—in the capacity of judge in the game of forfeits.

Dancing and other amusements served to occupy the rest of the time until all sat down to a delightful repast, at which the choicest confections and daintiest edibles of the season were displayed.

Miss Harth was the recipient of many pretty presents, not least of them being a diamond ring. Although not a deaf-mute herself, she is well known to many of the mutes of the city as a lady ever ready to lend her assistance to any worthy object they undertake. Her brother, Robert C. Harth, is a graduate of Fanwood, and through associating with him, she has become an adept in the sign language.

The evening passed all too quickly, and it will not be long hence before another gathering takes place, composed of the same parties present as on that occasion, who were, the Misses Sarah Stein, Maggie Jones, Lucy Prins, Sarah Sturwald, Annie Ryan, W. Williams, and several hearing ladies, and Messrs. Underwood, Le-Clercq, Fomire, Haight, Loneragan, Donahue, Yankauer, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harth, Sr., and Mr. Frank Harth.

Despite the inclemency of the weather of last Wednesday evening, the reception tendered to the Paris Congress representative of the Lexington avenue school, Mr. F. Nubor, to commemorate his safe arrival on this side of the briny deep, was a highly successful and not less enjoyable affair.

The guests were made up of present and former pupils of the Institution, the only outsiders in attendance being Mrs. E. M. Souweine and Mrs. Frank Roberts.

Pete Mitchell is one of the JOURNAL's force of intelligent compositors that denied themselves the privilege of a two months' vacation. One week was all he wanted. That was spent most profitably in a trip up the Hudson to Albany. There he took in the Capitol, marvelled at the war relics displayed in the war department, and had a good look at Governor Hill and several other notables. Not being a billionaire by any means, his check book decided his returning home last Friday. In company with Johnny Garrison, an old chum at school, he had a jolly time while in the city, and is now back at his case poorer in pocket, perhaps, but richer in information of what Albany, the Capitol building, the other points of interest near by, and the governor himself looks like.

At the Amateur Athletic championship games, on Travers Island, Saturday last, fully four thousand people were present. Though none of our deaf-mute athletes competed, there were several present as spectators. The one mile run was captured by A. B. George, M. A. C., who came so near winning the first prize in the recent games of the Catholic deaf-mutes. The two hundred and twenty yards hurdle race was won by A. F. Copeland, M. A. C., who was one of the judges on the same day. The good showing made by our deaf-mutes in athletic contests, prompts the suggestion more attention to the pastime would be beneficial to those not alone of New York City, but of every other city in the country.

The biggest curiosity of the week was a speck of blue sky, that showed itself for the first time during the whole week, on Saturday morning. From that will be concluded we have had decidedly horrid weather, and the taste of a cyclone too.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

### Columbus.

School opened on Wednesday. A few pupils arrived on Tuesday, but the great rush came on Wednesday and by evening over three hundred had registered. Later arrivals has swelled the number to 300, and more are expected this week. If all who

are expected come, the number will reach 400 or thereabouts.

The teachers will take turns at overseeing the pupils during study hours during the evening, the custom of paying for such service having been discontinued.

Wm. Waysten was killed by the cars near Galloway, O., a short time ago, and Jonathan Freyman, who belonged to a family of misers, met the same fate at North Jackson, Mahoning Co., last week.

The National Conclave of Odd Fellows meets here this week. The parade promises to be an immense affair. Not less than 25,000 men, all gaily uniformed, will take part in it, and as it passes the Institution on Town street, doubtless the pupils will be favored with a sight of it.

Nettie English, whose bedspread I mentioned in my last as taking the first premium at the Renuion exposition, exhibited it at the State Fair, and there it easily carried off the first premium in its class.

Wilson, the crack catcher and pitcher of last season's Independents, is at present playing with the Hamilton Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. King will go to housekeeping this week.

Ed. Dundon is said to have retired permanently from the base ball arena. He is at present in St. Louis, but is expected to return to this city, and obtain steady employment, which will keep him busy the year round.

#### PELL OVER AN EMBARKMENT.

Wm. Hensel, a deaf-mute employed as driver for S. Obermyer, at Eight and Evans streets, had a narrow escape from death, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. Hensel was driving a horse attached to a cart, and was hauling dirt to a fill in the rear of the mill. In backing the horse the animal became unmanageable, and horse and driver went over the fill, and rolled down the embankment fully fifty feet. Hensel managed to escape with a few bruises, and he started to extricate the horse. The animal kicked him in the left thigh, knocking him completely out. Patrol 7 removed him to his house, 429 State avenue. The horse, which was worth \$300, had to be killed.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

COLUMBUS, O., Sept 15, 1889.

### CONNECTICUT.

The anniversary of 1889 is a thing of the past, and the quiet streets of New Haven are beginning to assume their busy aspects. The waking up of "good Old Yale," the advent of the students which may be expected this week, and the opening of the theatre will be a source of delight to all, and especially those who have remained in this slumbering city during the vacation months. The great storm ceased its fury a few days ago, but the pelting rain which followed in the path of the cyclone changed the aspect of things from the dangerous to the disagreeable. At last, the sun shines now.

Last week, Tuesday, the prospect of a stormy day cast a gloom over Guilford, where the celebration of two hundred and fiftieth anniversary—1639-1889—took place, but the enthusiastic people from New Haven went to visit the ancient town, and in the afternoon the wind blowing a gale from the northeast, made the visitors uneasy, but everything was all right, and the cars brought the visitors home safely late in the night when the quarto millennial celebration was over.

"Nemo" was fortunate to have seen the historical relics exhibited—a pair of white kid slippers worn by Polly Fowler, when bridesmaid at wedding of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, the founder of the Hartford Institution, and Sophia Fowler. The visitors were Mr. and Mrs. J. Bartlett, of North Guilford, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Beach, and Mrs. W. Averill, of Branford, and R. D. Livingston, of New Haven. The oldest inhabited house in America was a center of interest. It was built in 1639, and is now still there—occupied by a wealthy family from New York. On the visitors' return to Branford, a collation was held at the house of Mrs. W. Averill, gratifying to the hungry visitors. Miss M. Axt, of New Haven, was there, and expected to stay a few days longer.

The death of Mr. James Bartlett's aged mother occurred about ten days ago in North Guilford. Her age was nearly eighty years.

Mrs. Charles D. Slate, of Hartford, has returned from a couple of weeks' visit to the west recently.

Miss Nettie, daughter of W. K. Chase, of Winsted, is in Millbury, Mass., visiting friends.

Miss Gracie Beach, of Branford, is spending a few days' visit in Fair Haven.

Miss Matilda Axt returned home from Branford, Friday, where she has been spending several days.

A farewell dinner was tendered to our good friend, John H. McCue, at Heublein's Cafe, Saturday evening, prior to his departure for Colorado today. After dinner, speeches and toasts were made till midnight. Those present were Messrs. Eugene Smith, R. D. Livingston, George Axt, Snyder, Preston, and others.

Mr. R. J. Martling, of Greenwich, met with a mishap, injuring his back in a factory where he works, by lifting some very heavy thing, and will be confined to his house for some time.

The Salvation Army took the city of New Britain by storm, Thursday night. An entire company of privates, accompanied by LeRoy B. Deming, decided to drive the devil and all his host from New Britain, and they started their extensive undertaking by a monster street parade. Mr. Deming made a war song, and this collected all the hoodlums in that city. "Nemo" and his friends happened to see Deming, and they laughed immensely.

Mr. Deming claims that his health

has been much better by his recent visit to Washington, D. C., and he lost faith in doctors, and now travels in his medicine.

Messrs. Haight, McVea and Peak, favored Bridgedort with a visit last August.

Mr. J. H. McCue visited Hartford and New Britain Friday.

The *New Haven Union* gives the following:

#### ASSAULTED A DEAF-MUTE.

Charles Durant, a young man who appears to be well supplied with money, and who has made this city his home for the past two months, entered police headquarters this morning and gave himself up, as he had learned the officers were looking for him. On Saturday night last he made an assault, while under the influence of liquor, on Jules L. Riger, a deaf-mute. Riger showed the marks of the assault in police headquarters this morning, and it must have been very rough usage that he received as his face resembled a crazy quilt, with all its varied lines of red, yellow and blue. Durant was released on bonds of \$100.

NEMO.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 16.

### MINNESOTA.

Mr. G. Nesser took Mr. Tousley for a drive far out into the country.

Mrs. E. M. Oryall had her eyes injured in a sand storm, and this compelled her to remain away from the school.

Mr. S. C. Austin has started a popcorn stand on East Seventh and Liberty Streets. He knows how to swell popcorn so as to sell for three dollars what cost him twenty-five cents.

As far as we could learn, those deaf-mutes from abroad who attended our State Fair were Prof. James Simpson and Frank R. Wright, both of South Dakota; Mr. L. W. Hodgman and Charles Barnhart, of Red Wing; Miss Grace Wells, a teacher at the Rome, N. Y. School, and others.

Mr. Anthony Schroder, of St. Paul, who graduated from the Fairbault Institution, returned to St. John University last week. In a recent issue of the JOURNAL we stated that he had graduated last June, but he has resolved to go again in order to be educated further. He takes lessons in oil-painting. He received a gold medal last June as best penman.

We neglected noticing the changes at the Tousley Society, in our last letter. The Society was reorganized, under a new constitution and by-laws, which Committeemen Tousley, McCook and Riley drafted, and accordingly the elected officers are Mr. Frederick Brant, President and Treasurer, and DeWitt Tousley, Secretary. The term expires in January.

Mr. Thomas Kegan, a turner, is now working in the Corliss, Chapman & Drake Factory.

Mrs. Dean and Miss Bergwall, of Minneapolis, visited Mr. and Mrs. Tousley. The former was Mrs. Tousley's classmate in Hartford, Conn., and was afterwards a teacher at Fairbault.

Mr. L. W. Hodgman and his mother were at Minneapolis, visiting their friends. They have returned to Red Wing.

Prof. J. L. Smith, of Fairbault, was in St. Paul, last week, and took his tanned pupils by rail to Fairbault. School opened on the 11th.

Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, will be at Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, on Sunday, September 22d, at 3 p.m. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. W. E. Dean, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. F. A. Dane, of Pennsylvania, were in receipt of a surprise party, tendered by the Twin City's deaf-mutes, at the former's residence, and it was a most excellent affair. The faces of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Spear, Mr. and Mrs. D. Tousley, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Austin, James Simpson, Matthew McCook, Miss Sigrid Bergwall, Miss Kate Gloser, Miss Lucy Madden, Miss E. Becher, Fred Klagger, Fred Brant, Henry Wolfe, and were seen bright and smiling. Several games were played and then an excellent supper was served. Toward midnight all dispersed for home.

"Better the steady flow, the torrent's dash  
Soon leaves its rent track dry!  
The light we love is not the lightning flash,  
From out the midnight sky,  
But the sweet sunshine whose unfailing ray  
From its calm throne of blue lights every day."

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells!  
The book of life the shining record tells."

Mr. Frank R. Wright, one of the teachers at the Dakota Institution, and nephew of Mrs. James Simpson, was at Minneapolis as a most welcome spectator last week. He also had business to attend to before the school opened.

Labor Picnic was held at Banzholer Park, off West Seventh Street, and there was a big procession—1,800 in line—presenting a fine appearance. Mr. Geo. Dehler, a cigarmaker, was seen in the parade wearing a white plug hat.

Matthew McCook received visits from sixteen friends from abroad during the State Fair. Among them was his brother-in-law, George Chandler, Principal of the Osage Public School in Iowa.

Dr. C. K. Cole, of Helena, Mont., and son-in-law of Dr. Gillett, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution, was seen at the Merchant Hotel.

At this writing, the wife of Moses Folsom, ex-Superintendent of the Iowa Institution, is quite ill.

Mrs. Dean's fourteen-month-old boy

is called William E., Jr., in honor of his father.

Mr. Orr Tousley has resigned from the Hudson Clothing House as a cashier, because he believes in the motto "Education," and therefore, he goes to school, which opened on the second.

The Sioux Falls Commercial Club, including the city and the South Dakota officials, eighty in number, arrived at St. Paul in special trains, via Duluth, on the 3d, and were cordially received by the members of the Chamber of Commerce and the Jobbers' Union. They were conducted by carriage about the metropolis and then through the Minneapolis Exposition and the State Fair. Among the club was Prof. James Simpson, a prominent semi-mute, and well-known through the Territory. He is Superintendent of the Dakota School for the Deaf, which has been prospered well since its inception about eight years ago. He was greeted by the 'Twin Cities' deaf-mutes, and especially his ex-pupil. His reappearance on our soil before long is expected. Come again.

We read the following in the St. Paul Pioneer Press of the 12th:

"The principal event of the day was the chamber of commerce diamond badge contest. This consisted of twenty-six metal targets and twelve pairs of Peorias, making a possible score of 50. At the start it seemed that Thompson would win, but toward the last he lost ground and was passed by both Burkhardt and Paul, Burkhardt winning by a score of 44. Paul and Lyon tied for the second prize of a setter pup, by a score of 42. The score was as follows:

Baldwin, Sr., 35; Thompson, 41; Schurmeier, 36; Hanson, 41; Baldwin, Jr., 39; Blakely, 41; Elghouse, 37; Pister, 38; Kennedy, 37; Burkhardt, 44; Paul, 42; Morrissey, 31; Anderson, 35; Rubie, 36; Lyon, 42; Lawrence, 35.

The Gun Club shoot occurred at the State Fair, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th, and one of the clubs, Mr. Charles Thompson, of St. Paul, is a deaf-mute, and was educated at the Fairbault Institution.

We found another item in the same paper mentioned above, of the 12th:

| Name                | Total | Prize |
|---------------------|-------|-------|
| Black               | 147   | \$60  |
| Packer              | 145   | 50    |
| Hamline             | 144   | 40    |
| Skinner             | 143   | 30    |
| Ensign              | 142   | 25    |
| Benett, a deaf-mute | 140   | 20    |
| Grinn               | 139   | 15    |
| Pister              | 137   | 10    |

Mr. Thompson was put down as "Bennett." He won the diamond badge by a score of 19 to 17 at the Gun Club, on the 31st of August, and he now proudly wears it.

### IVES.

#### WESTERN WISCONSIN.

A month ago, the city police picked up Chester Palmer, a deaf-mute, who broke jail at Fairbault, Minn., in company with Mike Birkland, and for whom diligent search has been made ever since. The sheriff of Rice County in Minnesota, traced C. Palmer to Winona, Minn., but lost him there. At that place, Chester fell in with another mute, who had been in the State Institution with him. He borrowed two dollars of this person, named E. H. Gage, a well-known citizen of Winona, and said he was going over into Wisconsin to see some friends. The sheriff came on to La Crosse, and left a description of the men. Chester makes a general denial, but he answered the description, and also has a photograph taken in Fairbault, besides papers that help to identify him. When he came into this city, almost all of the deaf-mutes were strangers to him, but he tried to make some acquaintances with them, while he has been here for five days. One night he walked with the writer on the street, while we made signs, but the city police noticed his description, and asked him, "Where did you come from?" and he answered, "From Kansas City, Mo.," and "What is your name?" "Colocous Pramer." This policeman, named Taylor, got the reward of \$25. When he left Fairbault, he stole a track velocipede, which helped him along thirty miles, but a train ran him down, and, although he escaped, the machine was demolished. On reaching the river, he stole a skiff, but the owners saw him, and compelled him to return with it by showering rocks upon him. He then walked into the city of Winona, Minn., where the trail was lost.

#### NOTES.

I went to Milwaukee on July 3d, to remain until Sunday, the 6th. During the time I spent there, I liked mostly to visit the deaf and dumb department connected with the Y. M. C. A. The large picnic, concluded with a display of fireworks, attracted about seventy deaf-mutes, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary, and John W. Swiler, the superintendent of the State School, was welcomed, and was saluted by the boom of a cannon, owned by the reputed gunner, Irvin Blood.

Miss Viola Taylor is again engaged in the deaf-mute school, it having been opened on the 2d inst., with six scholars. This school has been in operation the last three years. Miss Parker was a teacher there one year, and is now superintending at the deaf-mute school at St. Louis, Mo. Miss I. Taylor has been teaching school these two years. Her pupils made great progress under her guidance.

We were astonished on learning that an unknown deaf-mute printer, 28 years old, was killed at St. Paul, Minn., by cars, while he was intoxicated. This man, who hailed from Chicago, worked at the case some five days at the *Republican and Leader* office, then found employment at the other offices for about five weeks, and finally missed the "comp" here.

Edwin Hanson, the handsome Norwegian boy, who was employed as a riverman on the Black River, resumed his studies at school last week. He was accompanied by Will O'Neil and Frank Krajewski.

Miss Bertha Dahlgre, of Hokah, Minn., a pupil at the deaf-mute school at Fairbault, made a visit to her sister, who is engaged in a hotel, and some deaf-mutes here.

Mr. E. H. Gage, a carpenter, of Winona, Minn., entered this city, to visit many of his acquaintances. He told us that his good wife died on June 26th, caused by the consumption.

Miss Pauline Dadowski, a scholar at the deaf-mute school at Minnesota, came from Winona, to see our puppies and kittens. After her visit with us, she was accompanied by Mr. E. H. Gage to his home there.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Guttormson were summing amid the picturesque scenery of the Eagle Bluffs on the Minnesota shore, and had several pleasant trips on the Mississippi River.

Miss Josie Murphy, a pupil at the State School at Delavan, visited Tomah, Wis., and stayed there for a few days with her mother and sister, before she went back to school.

Robbie Power was again sent away last week, and is now attending Mrs. Cowan's private deaf school at Englewood, near Chicago.

Mr. John P. Dahl, formerly of La Crosse, who is employed in the railroad paint shop at Winona, Minn., made a pleasant visit about this city.

John W. Schemenauer, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., remained in this city for a week, with his old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. George French were surprised to receive a pleasant visit from the deaf-mutes. George is a very prosperous farmer.

Alfred Itendal went from the school at Delavan, to visit with his sister at West Salem, this county, for some weeks.

Mr. Wallace Williams, of West Salem, came to see his friends here, and also to attend Forepaugh's circus. He went back to school again this fall.

Duncan Cameron, a scholar at the deaf-mute school, this city, is at Lake Rice, camping with his folks.

Eddie Slatery, a former scholar at Delavan, is going to Portville, Iowa, where he wants to be a farmer, but he may go to the Iowa School at Council Bluffs.

Miss Ida Carpenter, of Nellisville, Wis., has been in this city, spending her time with her relations.

A new school for the deaf-mutes is to be opened at Wausau, Wis., under the direction of Superintendent Blackwood.

### H.

LA CROSSE, Sept. 12, 1889.

### LOUISIANA.

THE BLIND TO BE SEPARATED FROM THE DEAF.

The location plans and specifications for the new building for the Institution for the Blind have all been finally determined upon and adopted. As previously indicated in these columns, the location selected is that formerly occupied by the Collegiate Institute on Government Street, and for so many years the domicile of our distinguished fellow townsman, Dr. W. H. N. Magruder.

The funds available for this purpose are those donated many years ago, and held in trust by a board of trustees with Hon. H. V. Ogden, president, and Messrs. S. B. Newman, R. B. Brown, James McCormell, R. H. Marr, R. M. Walmesley, which amounts at the present time to \$30,000. Those immediately in charge of the details connected with the change about to be made, and erection and equipment of these quarters are Messrs. H. V. Ogden and S. B. Newman on the part of the board of trustees, and assisted by Dr. Magruder, Mr. Wm. Garig and Dr. John Jastremski, of this city.

The plans selected were those presented by Mr. W. R. Miller, one of the most expert and well-known architects and builders in this section of the State. Mr. Miller will begin upon the foundation of the new building, some time this week. The building will be a two-story brick building with basement and attic, and a three-story octagon tower.

The style of architecture is much like what is known as the Richardson style, which is purely modern and combining a number of styles, each of which suggests beauty, elegance and utility.

The building, which will measure 77 feet on Government Street to the west of the residential portion of the Collegiate Institute, and 53 feet deep, will be a massive affair of brick, with pressed brick front-trimmed with imitation stone throughout.

Massive iron steps will lead to a recess vestibule on the front under two heavy arches.

The basement will be utilized for dining hall, kitchen, laundry, store-rooms, and wood and coal rooms. The first floor will include a parlor, music room and office and four large class rooms. The second floor will be divided into seven dormitories, matron's room, bath rooms and linen closets.

The finish throughout this building will be in keeping with the general elegance of the edifice, and the wood-work will be hard oil-cherry finish.

It is estimated that five or six millions will be required in its construction and its cost is fixed at \$17,500. The cost of the grounds was \$10,000, which will leave \$2,500 for the equipment of the buildings.

These gentlemen representing the board of trustees of the fund are entitled to great praise for the scrupulously careful manner in which they have guarded it, and each year the interest has been added until the \$30,000 were accumulated. The proposed building will not only be an ornament to the city and a permanent home for our unfortunate blind, but it will be a monument to the charity of our people and sagacity of those who were the guardians of the fund.

As soon as the building is completed the Blind Department will be severed from the Louisiana Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. The Deaf and Dumb Department will then take possession of the whole building.

BATON ROUGE, La., Sept. 10, 1889.

### Indiana.

The Indiana Institution will open for business September 19th.

Mr. Pottymeyer, a very industrious deaf-mute young man, who makes from \$1.50 to \$2 per day at his trade of cabinet-making at Logansport, found one hundred and fifty-five dollars and hunted up the owner and returned it to him. This shows what an honest fellow he is. He received a good reward.

Albert Bishop, of Richmond, who was thrown out of employment by the burning of a furniture factory, secured another situation in that city in an implement factory.

We were very glad to hear that Prof. Nobe McKee has been promoted to the position of principal at the Institution, by the resignation of Mr. W. N. Burt. Everybody pronounces Professor McKee as a man of high ability and the right one for the place.

Miss Cora E. Coe, one of the lady teachers at the Institution, spent part of her vacation with her sister in Chicago.

Prof. Henry Bierhaus, wife and son, spent a few months of their vacation with the former's parents at Logansport, then they spent a few weeks with Mrs. Bierhaus's parents in this city. Your correspondent nearly made him die and laughing by telling him the humorous story of a farmer's adventure with a tramp and an adopted son.

Mr. and Mrs. Nobe McKee, Professor August Jutt and Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Morrow, spent a few weeks of their vacation at Turkey Lake in this state. They all had an excellent time catching the finny tribe. Turkey Lake is a splendid resort.

We know of two young deaf-mute gentlemen who both obtained positions at the same time and at the same salaries. Both were in precisely the same circumstances, one got married and the other did not think he was able to enjoy that luxury. Now after several years the one who got married is in a prosperous condition with a good bank account, while the one who remained single is no better off than he was several years ago. Say, boys, take the scriptural advice and marry and multiply.

A deaf man told me that a tramp came to my house and asked for something to eat, and he put him to work sawing wood while they got his breakfast. When they looked out, behold! he was gone, so was the saw and axe. The tramp pawned them. You would have died to see that mute cuss.

The Board of Trustees of the Indiana Institution seem to recognize the great responsibility resting on their shoulders, for up to this writing they have not appointed a superintendent to succeed ex-superintendent Baker, who resigned. We learn from high authority that two of the three men who constitute the Board, are in favor of Mr. Johnson, but the other member, Mr. Chambers, who lives in this city, (New Castle), is strongly opposed to Mr. Johnson. On what grounds he opposes him, we know not, but the two trustees who favor Johnson, came to this city and had a long talk with Mr. Chambers, but he would not yield. We learn from good authority that Mr. Johnson is a young man of about thirty years of age, who possesses considerable ability and can talk on his fingers rapidly, but it is said that he knows nothing of the sign-language, but he could learn that. While the trustees are looking about for a good superintendent, Mr. Johnson is acting-superintendent, and if the new superintendent is not appointed before school opens, Mr. Johnson and Principal McKee will have everything running smoothly. Ex-Superintendent Baker is reported to be opposed to Mr. Johnson.

Bismarck is acknowledged to be the statesman of Germany, Gladstone is acknowledged to be the Grand Old Man, and we acknowledge Prof. Burt as being the power behind the throne at the Institution ever since Mr. MacIntire was superintendent. While I am willing to admit that I am convinced that Dr. Glenn or Baker did anything that won the affection of the mutes, I think Superintendent Baker did all in his power for their welfare. Out of the eight deaf-mutes who have been in this city, and called on me since June, not one had any praise or censure for Ex-Superintendent Baker, while all lamented the loss of Principal Burt.

The Indiana Institution still has some very able teachers, among whom are Nobe McKee, August Jutt, Henry Bierhaus, S. J. Vail and Dr. Latham. The last named gentleman has been a professor for not less than thirty-five years. No body can accuse the Indiana Institution of not recognizing the ability of the mutes, for they have but few speaking teachers there at present.

NEW CASTLE, Sept. 15, '89.

HIAWATHA.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## An Accident.

### AN EYE TO THE PUBLIC COMFORT.

#### ALL SOULS' CLUB.

(From the Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Mr. Henry S. Stevenson arrived home last Monday evening, after the sixteen days of visiting Baltimore, Md., Harrisburgh, Steelton, Lancaster, Carlisle, Mt. Gretna, and many other towns in Pennsylvania, with every evidence of pleasure. He says he went all the way with an umbrella, but no rain fell for sixteen days. He has found that his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Zeigler, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul, Jr., were much better in appearance, which shows that open air in the country agrees with them.

His mother, who was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer, in Lancaster, Pa., for some weeks, met with a serious accident, by falling off a porch, and she was rendered unconscious. Mrs. Witmeyer found and carried her into the house. No bone was broken, but a little contusion appeared on the right side of her neck, and now she is doing very well.

Prof. Bell may investigate the subject fact:

Three sons of D. C. Williams, of Shoemakersville, Berks county, will shortly leave home for the deaf and dumb asylum in Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia Record.*

It was printed in the *Philadelphia Record* last week that a well-appointed barber-shop is in operation near the New City Hall here. The proprietor of the shop, having an eye to the public comfort, has engaged deaf and dumb bar



